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♦ DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND ♦  
♦ By Florence L. Henderson. ♦  
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"Dead center, every time. She is an expert sportswoman."

"With human hearts as well as with the target inanimate, yes!" observed Rolfe Dexter.

There was a somewhat nettled and bitter intonation to the words and Dexter's friend directed a quick, searching look at his face. Dexter, however, pursued the theme no further. They parted and he went his way, his chin on his breast, his eyes glooming, his whole presentment that of a man having a grievance and nursing it.

He and his friend had just passed the home of Eleanor Tyng. Where the lawn ran down to a clear, wide, long expanse stood Eleanor and some girl friends. They were superbly equipped with bows and arrows, archery outfit, target and high spirits were all in accord with eager contests of skill.

Eleanor had noted the two passersby. She never looked at Rolfe and bestowed a mere crisp nod upon his friend. The latter had admiringly commented on two center shots Eleanor had compassed before they got out of sight of the fair garden spot.

"She won't have another opportunity to ostracize me," soliloquized Rolfe determinedly. "It seems that she has decided to blot me out of her life. All well and good. I will go back to the dull old city law office and forget her."

Forthwith on his arrival at home Rolfe sat down promptly and wrote his young law partner, Bert Havens, that he might expect him back next Monday morning for good. In a way, up to a week previous Rolfe had decided to marry Eleanor, locate in Springfield and give up his old ambition to metropolitan fame and wealth.

It was no wonder, for Eleanor had been a loving fiancée. Everything had gone smoothly until at a lawn party one evening Rolfe had made a good deal of a certain Daisy Worden. It was because Daisy was an old flame of Rolfe's that Eleanor took offense. In turn Eleanor immediately accepted as an escort Ross Evans. If there was anybody in Springfield whom Rolfe disliked it was this shallow, presumptuous fop. Rolfe escorted Miss Worden to her home and



Swish! — Past the Head of the Amazed Rolfe.

the last Rolfe saw of Ross the latter was languishing about Eleanor with all the airs of a successful rival.

They met the next day, Eleanor and Rolfe. It was fatal to the true soulfulness of both that each was headstrong and resentful. A chance imputation of disloyalty from Rolfe was a spark to the tinder of Eleanor's quick temper. Her snappish retort made him say more bitter things. The next morning he received by